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THE ESSENE

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For the One Life
For the Christ-Ideal
For the Spirit of Truth

NEW YORK AND DENVER

THE ESSENE

Vol. IV. February, 1904 No. 2

JAMES ARTHUR EDGERTON, Editor

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New York and Denver

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The Essene

I have no creed, or, if a creed, but this: "I love humanity"

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IN THE GARDENS OF GOD.

(CONCLUDED.)

XVI.

The plant would not grow,
   Were it not for the flower;
And the flower would not blow,
   Were it not for the fruit.
'Twas the Spirit of Worlds that made them so.
   He covers their strongest framework of power
With a rounding and softening loviliness,
   The beauty of perfect symmetry,
That they, in this gentler mode, may express
   The nature of Love in Divinity,
The touches that all His creation grace;
And so from these visible worlds, apace,
Life grows as the leaf and bursts forth as the flower
   From matter, which is but the stock and the root,
   While Eternity gathers the fruit.

XVII

What does the Spirit say
  Of the specter that we call Death?
"'Tis only the stealing away
  Of a heavenly breath,
And the ashen hue upon cheeks and lips
Is not from the Sun of Life's eclipse,
But rather falls from the dawning gray
Of a better, a sweeter, a gladder day;
Nor is Death the ogre, repulsive, cold
That we have been told,
But an angel of God that comes to us,
Whose face with compassion is luminous,
A lover bold,
  With kisses warm,
  Who woos the soul in her starry form
From the dream of Sense,
  In which she was held;
And he bears her hence,
  Her sleep dispelled,
Till, broad awake,
  She, with sweet surprise,
Sees the new dawn-break,
  With immortal eyes."
It is thus that the Spirit saith
Of the specter that we call Death:
"Death is the angel that opes the portal
  Unto a higher way.

Life is eternal; man is immortal,
Rising victorious,
Radiant, glorious,
Out of the clay;
Out of the bounds of time,
Into the realms sublime,
Into a golden clime,
Into the day."

XVIII.

Have you walked in the Gardens of God,
Where each soul is a flower that blows;
Where each thought is an opening bud,
And each heart is a rose;
Where each blossom is turned to the light
Of the Sun, ever hanging at morn;
And a dew-drop that love renders bright
In each bosom is worn;
Where the language is thought that out-leaps,
Unspoken, from soul unto soul;
Where the music swells up from the deeps,
Like a sweet organ roll,
That is set to a Cosmical key,
And is universal in chord,
All worlds choiring harmony
Of praise to the Lord?
There time is not counted by measure,
But only by states of delight.

There Truth seems as Beauty; and Pleasure
  Is wedded with Right.
There to sow is to garner; to earn
  Is to have; to aspire is to be;
To attain is the fruit of to yearn;
  And to dream is to see.
There action is one with repose.
  There the ages with eider are shod.
There Love is the sunlight that glows,
  In the Gardens of God.

XIX.

Over a mystical strand,
  Out of space, out of time,
Lieth a beautiful land,
  Lieth a king sublime;
Reigneth Eternity's King,
  Upon the Infinite Shore,
With seraphs that sweetly sing
  His glories forevermore.
And the worlds that sprinkle the night,
In glittering clusters of light,
That glow like beacons bright,
    In this,
  These are the gardens of souls
    That lead to this kingdom of His.
These are the Fortunate Isles
    Placed over the Infinite Sea,

That, 'neath the sun-like smiles
Of Divinity,
That, 'neath the splendor which rolls
From the Throne,
Their flowers may blow
And their fruits may grow,
That the King of the harvest may claim His own.
This is the mystical source,
This is the fountain of force,
The spring of the Universe.
This is the land sublime,
Where dwells the seraph band,
This is the Elysian clime,
The Spirit Land.

Those who are false cannot live in the air of the genuine. They fall away of themselves.

Thirty States pay their Governors less than $5,000 a year, two of them going as low as $1,500. Is it not about time for a Governors' strike?

Colorado is still entitled to advertise as a health resort. A citizen of that State recently fell seventy-five feet and is yet living.

SOCIALISM AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

The greatest foe of any progressive movement is narrowness. It is the attitude of limiting ourselves from the truth.

Socialism and the new thought need each other. Because of that need they will find each other. They will not only find each other, but they will merge into each other in one greater movement. The men who are not broad enough to embrace both will fall behind the procession when that merging takes place.

Socialism needs the spirituality and the faith of the new thought. The new thought needs the unselfishness of socialism. The new thought stands for the highest development of the individual soul. Socialism stands for the recognition of the racial soul. Both these elements are needed in the perfect statement.

The new thought believes in the healing of the individual body. Socialism believes in the healing of the body politic. Both are necessary before we can have a healthy humanity.

The key-word of this age is unity. The disciples of both the new thought and socialism must utter this key-word. Then having uttered it in symbol, they must utter it in fact.

Did it ever occur to you that by writing or speaking a thing we only give the sign of that thing? We never

really express the thing until we do it in the language of deeds.

Socialism and the new thought should give utterance to the concept of unity in the language of deeds.

The Essene has said before that these two thought-islands are but tops of mountains of a great new continent now arising above the waters of the mental ocean. It will bear repeating.

Those familiar with geology know that when a new physical continent comes into being, it rises out of the sea. First the mountain peaks appear, then the hills and higher ground, finally the whole body of the land. So with this thought continent. We now see some of the mountain-peaks. They seem separated. But in reality they belong to one body of terra firma. When the full system of the New Order comes into view it will include these mountain peaks and much more. It will be as great as both of them rolled into one and much greater. It will never do for those inhabiting either island to fancy that their mountain-peak is as big as the whole continent.

When a little man gets hold of a thought, he imagines he has the whole universe inside his head. It takes a big man to hold two or three thoughts at once.

Both socialism and the new thought are true in their fundamental statements. They are only false where they exclude each other. They belong in the idea of the Greater Man. They are movements converging to one

goal. They are two slightly varying manifestations of one truth. They are portions of the development, unfoldment, purpose, of the organic entity known as humanity. They are manifested activities of the race-soul as it prepares to incarnate itself in a more highly organized and more compact body of civilization. They are forerunners, prophecies of the new religion and sociology—the religion that is truth and the sociology that is love.

Get out of your rut.

We have reached the day of big things, of big ideas as well.

Men and women to-day are citizens of the world, belong to the universal church, and believe that human brotherhood is a higher statement than patriotism.

The prophet of the New Time must be a man big enough to include all the New Movement. He must be able to co-ordinate Socialism and the New Thought, the two great vital ideas of this age.

A health note says that the best way to prevent pimples on your face is to wash your feet. Washing the face is also advantageous.

Some men's promises are like balloons. They are filled with hot air, they emit much smoke, and they flatten out in the end.

BEING

"To know more we must *be* more."

Life is so various—yet in all its diversity so beautifully divine in its unity.

The soul, instinct with life and will, has the power and the opportunity to revel in all the glories of this divinely various life.

But we can have no thing unless we have the consciousness of that thing within ourselves, in other words unless we are that thing.

Surely we know that man is the symbol of the universe, the most perfect expression of the all-life, and that in himself he has all possibilities—but what use do we make of that knowledge? And why should we know things unless we express and use that which we know?

With most of us our knowledge is merely surface knowledge. We have no consciousness of the truth, chiefly because we are so unbalanced that we see but a small part, a very small part, of life. In fact many human beings do not think sufficiently to be *aware* of their own existence. They are here, and fairly comfortable, so what is the use of thinking below the surface? Only yesterday a man who is called successful told me that he knows when he dies that is the end of his life. He does not wish to be aroused to any other understanding; and until he is willing he

cannot be aroused. Some day, it may be in future ages, he will desire with all the strength of his soul to know his life in its entirety, to *be* conscious.

What prevents us from being conscious? What separates us from knowledge? Only the barriers we place between ourselves and that of which we are not aware. Barriers of selfishness and greed. Condemnation and gossip. Nothing is more destructive to the physical man than condemnation. Nothing so blurs the vision as selfishness.

We must *be* the thing which is true.

We must *be* true to our own selves.

We must *be* conscious of the truth within ourselves.

Then the constructive force will act upon our lives on all the planes of its expression.

The spirit world is always ready to give us its very best. All truth is open to us. All knowledge is ours if we will only *be* good, which is *being* one with God,—being conscious in God.

According to our capacity shall we receive. As we become, so shall we know. All knowledge is useful, but the understanding which comes when we grow attuned to the spirit, when our senses are spiritualized, is mighty in its strength and power. Such knowledge not only reveals to us the souls of our fellow men, but brings us into close communion with great strong souls; not only those who are working on this planet

but with those who are laboring in the Master's vineyard on other spheres.

The Master's vineyard is the universe of truth. Whether here or in far distant worlds we are one with all,—one with God when we know.

The soul of man is unlimited in its possibilities. If we knew of the subtle power in our own souls we might cause unutterable woe by the use of such power unless we were pure and holy in desire. So our own strength is not revealed to us until we are one with infinite truth and incapable of any action which is not Godlike.

So many fresh young minds have, above all things, the desire for wealth. They have not the strength and understanding to see beyond the veil. They only know the glitter of the veneer. Perhaps they fancy that fame is a worthy goal. Possibly even human love may seem the ultimatum. And the time comes to the trusting heart when it perceives the *reality* in these beautiful things—the God in all. In being more the soul knows more, and all that it longs for is given it, because of its divine right.

When we see beyond the veil, beyond the delusive glitter, when we see the true side, then all is our own. We know because we *are*.

So let us *be* true, be unselfish, be noble, and the nobility within will attract from the universe its noblest gifts, bringing us into greater and holier consciousness of the all-life.

Occult research is based upon the fact that all atoms are intelligent. The atoms of the rock must be conscious in degree. Were this not true there could be no change, no diversity in the divine Unity.

The vibrations of the atoms differ. Spiritual forces on all planes cause this diversity.

Progress is the innate law of all being. The atoms progress in infinite variety through and beyond all material expression into purer spirit. For all is spirit, even that which we consider most material.

Purity of life and purpose must result in purity of the atoms of the body. A life lived in construction must attract only the atoms which have developed constructively. The physical body becomes more attuned to the Spirit of truth as it attracts the pure spirit until the flesh itself can see God, that is the entire being is purified and conscious.

Change is healthy and harmonious. A constant renewing of the mind means constant progression and consequent strength of being.

Beware of a rut. It is the easiest thing in the world to get into and about the most difficult thing to get out of.

Habit is the inherent tendency of the animal, and the animal side of the man is sure to predominate if he conforms to habits of any kind.

It is most useful to change the habits of life by change of scene, of associates and pleasures. It is

natural to enjoy new things, and the old becomes more precious through the enlarging of the mind and the increase of the power of appreciation through the broader vision.

Constantly renew the thought. Let its tendency be upward and onward, always seeking new fields of research. By this freshening of the mind, new thoughts, new life, new knowledge, greater understanding come to the soul; and all this is progress, toward positive strength of *being*.

The development of the soul, through constant love of truth, breaks all the barriers of selfishness, fear and superstition; because when we really know and can discriminate between the real and the unreal, we will not encourage any thing but the real.

Our love and our desire being for the true—the constructive life alone—the expression of the life force must *be* conscious truth; and that which is true lives forever.

Every sweet thought sent out, every kind word spoken, every generous act, every loving heart-beat must live forever to bless all humanity, as well as to return to the sender and strengthen him still more in *being* true.

He whose soul is developed in truth knows of the infinite presence. He is aware of his position in the universal and of his relation to the divine energy.

It has been known to the adepts of all ages past—that

the mind and the will can be quickened to a marvelous degree by soul development.

What we call growth is only development. All growth is manifestation or unfoldment of nature's finer forces in their change of expression.

Certain atoms have the power to attract other atoms which harmonize with them. So they draw from the universe forces which help them onward toward the completion of the whole.

Because they are, not because they seem, they attract the true life of the spirit which belongs to them. When human atoms *know*, when they *are* spiritual, no power can keep them from their own.

One grows to feel that the greatest tragedy of life is the wasted opportunity of soul unfoldment.

Have you seen people who have lived a whole life time without apparently increasing the strength of the soul; people who have harped on one string until it has disintegrated the poor shattered body, leaving the soul which it served to await another opportunity to be and to know?

The mind is the instrument of the soul. It must be kept sacred if we would be conscious. Send no thoughts into the universe but thoughts that will bless with their force of love and purity, thoughts that will heal and strengthen by their innate constructive quality.

Truth will conquer all inharmony ultimately. It cannot be suppressed, for truth is the only reality

When we realize this one fact we will demonstrate in our entire expression of every day life that we are living for every other one of ourselves. That is the surest method of *being* truth, to live for the all, so we may forget the personal self and strengthen the divine self by living the true and holy life of service.

Personally a man is enclosed in his physical body. Individually his senses extend through unlimited space.

You may have all the intellectual information this world can give you; but if you have not the soul knowledge, you are pitifully ignorant. The mind that is not clean and pure is easily shattered—and the memory of the soul only reveals itself in truth, for it only retains reality. All the delusions and artificial knowledge which we have crammed into our brains depart when we lay down our bodies.

In a selfish mammon-absorbed person the mind sometimes snaps before he is through with his body. The sensitive instrument cannot endure the strain of greed placed upon it. Then we wonder if the soul departs when its instrument is unstrung—even though the frail body exists until the law of its creation is fulfilled and the infinite justice returns it to earth.

As the mind unfolds and becomes purified by constantly expressing truth in its action—in other words, by thinking the love thought—the individual man asserts himself. He is living in the atmosphere of pure spirit. He comprehends the universe because he knows himself.

Be attuned to the spirit. Then no thing of darkness can approach you.

In the unspeakable ecstasy of true love, that sees not and hears not the objective world, men find inward peace and supreme repose.

The soul expands toward infinite intelligence as the flowers turn toward the radiant sunlight.

Be pure; be true; be love; and KNOW.

GRACE M. BROWN.

GIVING.

The Divine Life, which the Christ so beautifully manifested, is as much a live, acting force to-day as it was when He walked and talked and gave Himself to others. Now we see the secret. It is this giving ourselves, even as He gave Himself, that will make every day a joy. Do we even faintly realize what it would mean if we would only give to each one who touches our lives the very best within us? There would be perpetual sunshine and gladness. There would be no heavy hearts for we would "bear one another's burdens," and this sharing of what seemed heavy would so decrease its weight that there would be no burden. The joy and happiness that came to our souls we would give to those nearest us until there would be no sorrow.

We have read that the Great Teacher opened the eyes of the blind and they saw. Oh, that we might be very quiet in the deep recesses of our souls that the Spirit of Truth might open our eyes. Then would we see beauty transcendent everywhere. Then would there come to our hearts such an overmastering love for all humanity that it could only find expression in giving: giving our very selves, our time, our money, our love, our all. Love is the great fact and principle of the Universe and love is always active, doing for others. With new vision the harmony of the Universal would come to us as never before. We would see opportunities every moment to manifest the Divine Life. We would know that all work is God's work; that every day is His day; that every home, shop, office, store is the dwelling place of the Most High—for "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? * * * for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Realize within yourself the Christ, the Spirit of God, and the Kingdom of Heaven will take its abode within you. Trust the Spirit of Life and it will lead you out into the Holy Land of new hope and faith and love, and the joy of giving will be yours.

EMELINE T. RUNDEL

LETTER OR SPIRIT?

The Master taught the brotherhood of man. He placed all human beings on an equal footing.

He did not come from the so-called upper class of his day, but from the common people. He was himself a laborer. He worked with his hands. He wore common clothes. He chose, for his disciples, fishermen, people from the lower walks of life. He preached the gospel to the poor. He denounced the priestcraft and established church. He made a church of all the people. His religion was the religion of humanity. His gospel was the gospel of good deeds.

"As ye do unto the least of these!" What are we doing for "the least of these?" In some parts of the world we are shooting them down, simply because they want liberty. In all parts of the world we are robbing them of the products of their labor. We are crushing them into the social mire. We are grinding them beneath the wheels of the modern juggernaut we call business.

What do we, the respectable part of the world, know of the condition of the submerged half? What do we care? We are comfortable. We have plenty. What to us are the outcast and the poor? Take them away. Don't tell us about them. Leave us alone in our selfish ease. We go to church. We worship Christ in

name. What have we to do with the unfortunate, the sinful and the degraded? Why should we think of their want and wretchedness? Are we responsible for them?

This is the plaint. But it has not even the merit of originality. It was uttered by Cain thousands of years ago. "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Yes," was the implied answer then; and still down the ages thunders that eternal "Yes."

How selfish is our faith! We seek a special salvation. We ask for our own spiritual comfort and help. We meet in our little churches or circles to enjoy a more or less exclusive communion. We form a religious aristocracy. The great army of those who want and suffer we pass unheeded by. Besotted in our selfishness, we feast—unmindful of the tables that are bare even of the necessaries of life.

We observe the form but forget the spirit. We kneel at worship in our palatial churches, but the great army of Christ's poor is on the outside. We return to our princely homes to enjoy the luxury made possible by the toil of others; but we forget the toilers whose labor has contributed to produce the wealth we have appropriated. We call upon the name of Christ, but by our deeds we lacerate his great heart, which feels even with "the least of these, his brethren."

Look! Humanity is a great river flowing to an unknown ocean. It is muddied and black with sorrow,

wretchedness and want. On its tides, struggling and fighting for life, flow past the millions of our fellow beings. In it are the aged and infirm, the crippled and helpless, the innocent faces of little children, the wrinkled faces of men and the tear-stained faces of women. By some fortuitous circumstance we have been enabled to crawl out upon an island of wealth. We feel ourselves above our kind and safe from their struggles. But do we reach no hand to help others up also? Can we enjoy our immunity, with all the stream of misery about us? They stretch up gaunt arms to us. Can we draw back, unheeding their pleas and cries? Dare we do it?

Look! The picture is not complete. Our foothold is slippery. Sooner or later we must drop back into the tide. We must share the common fate.

Ours is the creed of "peace on earth, good will toward men." How are we practicing it? By preaching the gospel of peace, or the gospel of powder and lead? By promulgating the doctrines of brotherhood and love or the doctrines of caste and hatred? By following in spirit the Almighty God, or kneeling at the shrine of the almighty dollar?

The trouble with our Christianity is that it is only lip deep. It does not reach the heart. It is a parrot-like repetition of creeds and prayers. It is a blind observance of forms. It is for the sake of appearance, rather than for the sake of eternal truth.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

Oh, the heartaches, the heartaches, because we do not quite understand each other!

Why can we not let people alone and permit them to express their lives as they desire? They will do it any way. So why make them miserable by interference?

We might as well learn to let go of each other. No human being can belong to another. We are all free in truth; and that is the only platform upon which we can meet and understand.

One of the saddest misunderstandings is that of two generations. A friend recently told me of her failure to accomplish her heart's desire because her own mother demanded such constant service and attention that she had had made both of their lives most wretched. They loved each other of course, but they could not understand.

It certainly does appear sometimes that parents and teachers fail to comprehend these fresh, buoyant young creatures that are given into their care. The now of to-day is so different from yesterday. The souls that are manifesting to-day require different experiences and so create different environments. They must be let alone to develop in their own way.

The soul recognizes no physical ties.

There is no questioning the fact that the young people

of today are more alive to the truths of the spirit than many who are guiding them.

It is hard for us to realize that our children are not here to serve us alone, that they belong to all humanity. But they are aware of it. Their view point is vastly different from that of the past generation.

When we understand each other we love each other. People usually do the best they know at the time. When we understand each other we bring out the best side of each other. Every soul is beautiful in expression when we see below the crusts into the real man.

Who cares for the moods and the apparent ugliness of people? Elbert Hubbard says "Great men are barbarians—part of the time."

Let us understand each other—and see how wonderfully all the world will brighten.

G. M. B.

Eighty-five per cent. of the linen collars worn in the United States are made in Troy, N. Y. Ninety-five per cent. of the brass collars are made in Wall street, New York.

Red nose on women may be cured by a bandage of gauze soaked in benzine. On men the only way to cure it is to stop soaking.

MY DREAM

To love humanity;
To brighter make the years that are to be;
  To help, though in a humble way,
To make the people free;
To cause the Future's hills to beam
  With light from a new day;
This is my hope and aim supreme;
This is my dream.

To trust the people; to believe in right;
To be receptive to the Infinite;
  To keep the windows of my soul
Thrown open to the light;
  To hold in view a constant goal,
A lofty and a sun-crowned height,
  With noble thoughts and words and deeds agleam;
And unto it to ever climb;
This is to me the end sublime;
  This is my dream.

To have a little cot, a haven blest
Of peace and rest,
Away from all the noise and the rush;
And there at evening's hush
  To sit among my own,
My wife and babes about my knee
In undisturbed serenity,

What sweeter lot by man was ever known?
To keep such joy supreme,
This is my dream.

To see my country greatest of the earth,
And given a new birth
Of freedom, under which all men shall be
Protected in their right and liberty;
When each may call his own
That which he earns alone;
When there shall be no slaves
Unto a moneyed clique of scheming knaves;
And when "Old Glory" shall stream out above
A new republic based on brotherhood and love;
To help inaugurate
Earth's most ideal state,
Here on the ample plan
Of equal rights to man,
I'd deem earth's brightest fate.
To gain such bliss supreme,
This is my dream.

One church as broad as Christ,
As great as human need,
All selfishness and greed
Within it sacrificed;
A church built on the rock
Of God, that every shock
Would weather and endure;

A church that all would reach
And, like its founder, preach
The Gospel to the poor;
A church that made the soul and not the form supreme,
All sects embraced within its universal scheme;
This is my dream.

And in the end, when time and outward work are o'er,
I have a vision more sublime than all that goes before:
Upon some greener shore, some island of the blest,
It is forevermore that I may be at rest;
No more with things that seem,
But at the last to see
Love's blest reality.
This is my dream.

JUST A WORD

This magazine stands for something—for something vital.

It believes in itself.

It wants you to believe in it.

The distinctive idea that it is here to represent is this: The human race is an organic entity—an entity with a soul. Solidarity is something more than a mere word. Humanity is a tree and we are leaves on the tree. We are not only members of one family, we are parts of

an organic unity. As this racial soul becomes conscious in each of us, rather as we become conscious in it, as we merge ourselves in it, do we enter the Christ life. This is Nirvana—not a Nirvana of inaction but of service.

When we awake in this larger self, we have lost the old self, we cease looking for a special reward and find our good in the good of the race. We love our brother as ourself, because we know that our brother and ourself are equal statements of the one greater self in which we all are.

Here is the one vital thought that is back of all the new movements of this age. The Essene is here to tell this thing.

This magazine will live, not because it depends on any outward support, but because it is of the Spirit. It will live on the substance of faith.

The mammon-worshippers say such a thing is impossible, that nothing can live which does not bow down at the shrine of the great god Baal—the Dollar.

We shall see.

The Essene will not bend the knee to Mammon-worship. It will not swerve one hair toward the Dollar-idolaters.

And it will live.

It will live because you will help it to live. It is of the Spirit and you are of the Spirit. You will help it to manifest and it will help you to manifest.

One other thing: Every sentence which appears in our pages will be original—the living word. That which is not signed will be the work of the editor. There will be no quotations, which at best are patchwork. The magazine should be organic and whole, should be made up of its own stuff, should give its own message, its fresh revelation.

If you believe in these things, co-operate with us.

Do it now.

CHARACTER.

This world is a workshop in which to build character.

The tools are the duties and opportunities that come to men.

The materials out of which the structure is made are the inherited tendencies and unformed characteristics bound up in the individual.

The workman is the soul.

He gives his orders through the will.

Sometimes both the materials and tools are poor.

Yet if they are used to the best advantage, the Great Contractor can hardly find fault.

In the great majority of cases, however, the implements and the timber are very much alike and are good.

In these cases the result depends wholly upon the

workmanship; on the amount of skill, labor and conscience put into the effort.

We are all character builders; and this, in the real sense, is the whole purpose of our lives.

The men whom the world trusts, whom it honors, whom it exalts, are those that have builded well.

The need of the world to-day is character—character—character.

It has brilliancy, it has capacity, it has ambition, it has energy.

It lacks men who stand on the solid rock of honesty, who scorn to take anything that they have not rightfully earned, whose word can be trusted seven days in the week, who are self-contained, resolute and strong.

Above all, it needs men who understand the powers of mind in wielding materials and forces.

He who knows the world within and can become thorough master of that world can shape the world without.

He understands that to become anything he must *be* that thing.

He knows that to achieve greatness he must be great within himself.

He has learned the secret that he must organize his own forces so that they work in harmony; then he *can* go into the world and organize success.

He who can conquer the obstacles in his own nature can conquer the obstacles he will meet in life.

To every man comes at least one opportunity. He who is ready for that opportunity and seizes it is made. But on him who is not organized within himself the opportunity is wasted.

The object of schools and colleges is to prepare men for just these demands. But he is woefully mistaken who imagines that all schools are carried on within four walls.

Life is a school and Duty is the school master. In this school obedience is the first rule. He who will not obey the inner voice cannot learn the lessons.

If you would do anything in the world, first make yourself equal to the thing you would do. Have no fear that the chance will not come to you. Everything will come to you that you have earned and are ready for.

But to win largely and nobly, aye to win at all, you must have character.

ACCOUNTED FOR

Arthur who sometimes writes verses had accused Jim of being a numskull.

"I may be a numskull," said Jim, "but I don't write poetry."

"That's the reason," was the terse reply.

HERE AND NOW.

'Tis not a place afar
Where the immortals are,
'Tis not some Paradise blooming above.
It is within you,
Waiting to win you,
Heaven is love.

Death opens not the gate
Into some mystic state,
Transformed to happiness, no one knows how.
If you but know the way,
It may be yours to-day.
Heaven is now.

Open your inward eyes,
Then you will realize
God is as near as your spirit is near;
Not in some coming time,
Not in some distant clime;
Heaven is here.

Deeper than seeing,
Deep as pure being,
All of the universe with it is rife.
In the immortal springs
Back of created things,
Heaven is life.

Back of all seeming,
Its light is gleaming
   Unto the eye of the innermost soul.
This is Eternity.
Not in some vague To-Be
   Look for the goal.

Open the portal
To the immortal
   In your own spirit, the king over death.
Let Love to you reveal
Self is a dream; and feel
   Heaven is faith.

It is not manifest,
Nor to the sense expressed.
   It has no measure, location, or bound.
Formless and limitless,
Only in consciousness
   Can it be found.

There are more bachelors than married men commit suicide. Most of the bachelors who quit the game do so because they have been baffled in their attempts to become married men.

PREACHING AFFECTED THE COW.

Blifkins is decidedly irreverent. "Been sponging my religion for years," he says. "My barn is near the street and just beyond it is a church. The preacher has a particularly loud voice and all I need in Summer is to open my window and receive the spiritual inflow. Remarkable the effect that preaching has had on my horse and cow. Old Dobbyn has grown more and more sedate till now I can scarcely get him into a dog trot. But the greatest change has been in the cow. It is not alone the mild and peaceful look that has come over her face; I could stand that; but what I can't stand is that for the past three months she will not give down one drop of milk on Sunday."

THE OWL FACE.

If you want to be considered an oracle, keep your mouth shut and look wise. You may not know a blessed thing, but in a short time people will take you for a perambulating encyclopædia.

Observe the owl. He is a pauper in intellect, barely knowing enough to eat mice and cockroaches. Yet his reputed wisdom is next to that of Solomon; and all because of a dismal hoot and a solemn phiz.

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By

GRACE M. BROWN

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